Musarum plangores:

Vpon the death of the right Honourable, *Sir* Christopher Hatton, *Knight, &c.*

FLock on apace you troups of saddest wights,
Flie fast vnto repining *Sorrowes* Cell,
Banish your ioyes, abandon all delights,
And count each pleasing moment for a hell.
For he that late did moue your sweete content,
Euen now his chiefest fire of life hath spent.

Muses come mourne, come gentle *Muses* weepe,
Wayle you the want of such an *English* Peere:
Whose vertues might vprayse from deadly sleepe,
The Ghoasts of Poets buried many a yeere.
Whose ceaseles moanes might pearce the azurd skies,
And fill fayre *Albion* with their wofull cries.

Perisht is the roote from whence such branches sprang,
Dimd is the light that glistered like the Sunne,
Whose worthy deedes to euery Region rang,
And hath ere since his Honour first begunne.
Then you that lou'd the Lord that gaue the *HINDE*,
Breathe foorth the sorrowes of your mournful minde.

Princeps.

SOrrow is seal'd vpon our Pallace gate,
And *Heauinesse* with discontented steps,
Hath chosen *Sighs* to be his carefull mate,
whereby our heart with inward passions leaps.
How can the *Members* then but be distrest,
When as the *Head* so highly is oppresst?

Our *Cedar* stock hath lost a liuely branch,
And *Death* the hunts-man of our humane race,
His fierce and egre appetite to stanch,
In ranging through our Forrest *Syluane* chace,

Hath ſlayne the ſpotles *HINDE* with cruell ſpight,
In whome his Prince repoſde a chiefe delight.

Syluanes approach with mournefull melodie,
And wooddy Nymphs, that fit in ſpreading bowres:
With brackiſh teares commix your harmanie,
To wayle with me both minutes, months, and howres.
For we haue loſt that nothing can amend:
A faythfull ſubiect and a loyall friend.

Primates.

VPon the Sea, in threatning winters frowne,
When riſing billowes ſtruggle with the winde:
What ſooner caſts the Sea-mans courage downe,
Then want of him their Pilot was aſſignde?
Such may we call miſfortune of our ſtate,
Depriu'd the counſell of a worthy mate.

If brothers doo lament a brothers death,
And Nature ioyne the Parent to deplore
His tender ſonne, bereſt of vitall breath:
If for their young the ſauage beaſts will rore,
Then Reaſon, Nature, dutie knit in one,
For our graue friend inioyneth vs to mone.

The grace he got by vertue to ariſe,
Was gouerned with ſuch an humble minde;
As none his Honours titles could deſpiſe,
Or for his fauour any grudging finde:
Such name his wiſdome alwayes ſought to haue,
Loued he liu'd, and honoured to his graue.

Populus.

BLack Sorrowes night with diſmall pitchie cloudes,
Hath chaſt the comfort of the day from hence,
Within a hollow toombe our Solace ſhrowds,
And Deſolation burieth our defence.

For which in teares, in ſighes, in harts diſtreſſe,
We now are forſt to ſhew our heauineſſe.

Our cryes were heard, our prayers found remorce,
Our helpe ſtood not on lingering delay,
Pitie in him retaynd a greater force,
And Iuſtice walkt in *Vertues* perfect way:
Nor meede, nor friendſhip euer could auayle
To make our iuſt and noble Patron quayle.

Why iſt not graunted of deuiner powers,
That ſuch as beſt maintaines their ſacred lawes,
Should haue the longeſt dayes and happieſt howers,
Where honour ſprings by vertues worthie cauſe?
But all things precious and of pureſt price
Forſakes the earth, to dwell aboue the skyes.

Muſarum plangores.

Melpomene.

NOt from the ſea (though ſalt doth hide my breſt)
But from a flood of teares, bankt in with griefe,
Whereas the black-foot *Rauen* ſought for reſt,
I come to menace moane without reliefe:
My pen is *Ebon*, and my paper earth,
Where I muſt write of honours endles dearth.

My palled face, my eylids hung with lead,
The Arches hollow, like the chalkie cliffes,
My teeth that chatters ecchoes from the dead,
Forſt by their ſighes that through their ſorrow whiffes,
Shewes that ſome noble Lord hath left this land,
Whoſe honourd graces, multiplied with ſand.

Of earths more tarter is my body made,
Of waters ſcumme ordaynd to tragick tale:

Yet were I harſher, his faire flowering fade
Would make my ſullen nature couch and quaile.
And ſo my tragick *Muſe* ſhall ſit and write,
The waſting woe the Commons ſhall indite.

Polihymnia.

CEaſe prowd vayn-glorious birds, and buzzing windes,
My Rethorick ſhall perſwade me more to ſing:
But neaſts of *Hornets* from the rotten rindes,
A harſher murmure to my ſorrow bring.
For from the groaues (inchaunted now with care)
The *HINDE* is wandred: ill the flock doo fare.

The tongue of *Time* doth ſightles glyde away,
And carieth *Enuie* with his ſwift-foot courſe,
His ſpightfull Date hath brought before the day,
An end to Honour (fell without remorſe)
My Rethorick now ſhall be to ridgie rocks,
Where *Ruine* feedes in ſtead of quiet flocks.

The quill I lately pluckt from *Hermes* wing
Shall write my groaning playnt vnto the skye,
There ſhall the *Throni* with their Cenſors ſing,
His Nobleſſe and his Honours victory.
And with this pen the burthen I will beare,
That all may know how heauen his prayſe doth reare.

Calliope.

NOw *Phœbus* Altars crack with rotten weedes,
None bringeth ſpices from the *Phœnix* neſt:
Who diſcontented with thoſe choaking feedes,
Brings floods of teares to drowne that noyſome Feaſt.
His browes as ſmooth, as was his *Iuory* Lute,
Sends lookes for frownings with a ſwift purſute.

This makes me caſt my *Muſick* to the grouund,
And ſend *Muſæus* back againe to hell,

The nights ſad Prophet makes me pleaſant ſound,
And breedes deſire within a caue to dwell:
For all my Siſters drop their teares like ſhowers,
And leaue the pleaſure of *Idalian* bowers.

Of round *Cayiſter* quills Ile make a pipe,
And ſing the *Swannes* laſt ſong vpon this hill:
For Death doth Honour with his tallants gripe
And with his blaſting breath the *Bay* doth ſpill.
Hereafter what I write ſhall be in praiſe
Of him, his bountie and his vertuous dayes.

Clio.

MY ancient bookes of grauen monumentes
Are claſpt for euer vp with duſtie leaues,
For in the margent lyes my diſcontents,
How Fate and Death of Honour me bereaues,
Ile change my late Hiſtoricall intent,
To write with them whoſe groanes to clay are ſent.

Yet firſt Ile turne my Pen vnto a Spade,
And chuſe the entrayles of the pureſt mould,
Where when I ſee this noble Lord is layd,
Ile write the reſt my Siſters leaue vntould:
The ground ſhall be embalm'd with *Muſes* breath,
Whoſe vertue purgeth all contagious earth.

Then ſhall my Siſters daunce about his Toombe,
And with their feete ſhall make a wreath of flowers:
So ſhall his Coarſe be ſtucke with vertuous bloome,
Shall make the ground ſmell like perfumed bowers,
And of theſe flowers I will Garlands make,
And euer weare them for his noble ſake.

Thalia.

SVrceaſing paſtime of my comick pen,
Ile tune my laughter vnto lowd exclaymes

And tragick teares the floods of ſorrowing men,
Doo ſeeke to quench the fire that honour flames.
My labouring hand doth let my tongue preuaile,
To treate of ſorrow when my mirth doth faile.

Ile ſet my breaſt to *Lacus dulcis* ſtreame,
And ſwim vnto *Eliſean* lillie field,
And in *Ambroſian* trees Ile write a Theame,
Of all his deedes that Honour hath vpheld:
My dwelling is too full of mirth and glee,
To write the Poëms of a Tragedie.

To all the Poets that inhabite there,
Hauing their wits refind with heauenly ayre,
By me his gifts of wiſedome ſhall appeare,
And they ſhall ſing them to the higheſt fayre:
Then turning backe from whence I came agayne,
Ile write of that which hath my pleaſure ſlayne.

Euterpe.

THe Northerne Hunter blowes his ycie Horne,
And bids me lay aſide my windie ſound,
And blackfaſt ſtormes out-braue the roſie morne,
And makes her looke as heauie as the ground:
So like the noyce of froſt and rayne together,
My euill ſounding Muſick tunes with wether.

Stiffe are my fingers like a Marble ſtone,
Vnfit to mooue a warbling inſtrument:
My tawnie skinne is ſhriueled to the bone,
As if my ſenceles Senſes did lament,
The ſilent tale with dumbe deliuerance,
The paſsion of ſome heauie dire miſchance.

My tongue incorporate with my ſcalding roofe,
Feares to report the fayling of my h nd,

Muſarum plangores.

My ſorrowing playmates ſhrink, and kepe a looſe,
As if a darth did couer all the land:
No darth, becauſe it is not barren brought,
But yet the fruit is cropt which deare I bought.

Tarpſicore.

MY Harp is ſtrung with ſtretching *Sorrowes* ſtrings,
And Death hath tunde it with his knobbie bones,
A ſolemne dump, the Muſick that it ringes,
Linked in Conſort with deepe fetched groanes.
For with my Siſters in a *Cipres* bower,
My Bliſſe is Bale, my Sweete tormenting Sower.

The Summers ſeaſon with her freſh attyre,
That alwayes vſde t'muite me to her Pallace:
Where *Nightingales* did make a pleaſant Quiere,
With ſundry Layes to cauſe their Soueraignes Solace;
Is nipt with Winter, and her pride is loſt,
My fingers ſtiffe, my ſences numbd with Froſt.

The proſpect that appeareth to my eyes,
Are wringing handes of ſuch that are forlorne:
My eares are fild with Ecchoes double cries,
Proceeding from vnconſtant Fortunes ſcorne.
Thus are my Eyes, my Eares, my Hand and Heart,
Made thrall to *Sorrowes* neuer dying ſmart.

Erato.

I That did meaſure haughty Towers tops,
And tooke the compaſſe of the largeſt ground,
My Sorrowes headlong courſe no Reaſon ſtoppes,
And infinite mine agonies abound.
For that proportion nature ritchly framde,
By Death diſſolue'd doth make the *Graces* blam'd.

The numbers that adorn'd my ſacred skill,
Are now become Decrees of waxing Woe:

My

Muſarum plangores.

My ſtudie is diſtreſſe, my bookes doo kill,
And contemplation maketh dolors growe,
Becauſe the ſubſtance that I wiſht to ſaue,
Hath his dimenſion in a ſenceles graue.

But ſince the *Deſtinies* haue been ſeuere
To rob the earth of her aſſur'd delight,
Ile finde a place deuoyd of deadly feare,
To meaſure out a manſion farre more bright,
Where free from harmes, or any foule annoy,
This *Potentate* ſhall haue eternall ioy.

Urania.

GIue me (at laſt fayre Siſters) leaue to ſpeake,
Me thinkes you ſhould not wilfully repine,
Or with extremities your dueties breake,
When as the glorie and the gayne is mine:
It grieues not me, when ought accords your will,
Your ouerflowing mirth, my ioyes doth fill.

Draw in your teares and let your ſighes ſurceaſe,
Exile exclaymings from your drouping harts:
For with his death his Honours doth increaſe.
And though the earth contaynes his humane parts,
Yet ſhall his ſoule made pure with heauenly ayre,
Receiue the guerdon of his vertuous care.

The ſtarres bright eye ſhall guide his happie feete,
The ſunne of gladnes ſhine vpon his face,
The glorious Planets where ſo ere they meete,
Within their ſhining armes his ſoule embrace.
So that although his mortall dayes doo wayne,
Diſpayre not Siſters greater is his gayne.

FINIS. R. Ihonſon. *Sa:*

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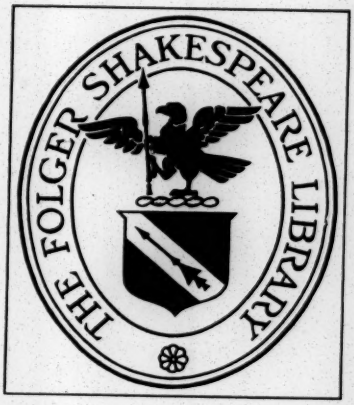
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